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— The Libertine: / An Opera, / In Two Acts. /
Founded on the story / of / Don Juan. / The Musick from Mozart's
celebrated Opera of / Don Giovanni, / Adapted to the English
Stage by Mr. Bishop. / First performed at the / Theatre-Royal,
Covent-Garden, / Tuesday, May 20, 1817. / London: / Printed for
John Miller, 25, Bow-Street, / Covent-Garden; / By B. McMillan,
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The Libertine:

AN OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS.

FOUNDED ON THE STORY

OF

DON JUAN.

THE MUSICK FROM MOZART'S CELEBRATED OPERA OF

DON GIOVANNI,

ADAPTED TO THE ENGLISH STAGE BY MR. BISHOP.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden,

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COVENT-GARDEN;

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1817.

[Price Two Shillings.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Don Pedro,</i>	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Don Juan,</i>	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Don Octavio,</i>	Mr. Sinclair.
<i>Leporello,</i>	Mr. Liston.
<i>Masetto,</i>	Mr. Duruset.
<i>Lopez,</i>	Mr. Comer.
<i>Peasant,</i>	Mr. Norris.
<i>Donna Elvira,</i>	Mrs. Faucit.
<i>Donna Leonora,</i>	Miss Matthews.
<i>Maria,</i>	Miss Carew.
<i>Zerlina,</i>	Miss Stephens.
<i>Peasants, Masqueraders, Dancers, Demons, &c. &c.</i>	

SCENE--*In and near Seville.*

* * * The lines with inverted commas, are omitted in representation, in consequence of the length of the Piece.

Tr. R.
L 695
A28

THE LIBERTINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Garden of Don Pedro's House at Seville—Part of the Mansion on the left, with Door, Balcony, and Window; at the back, Railing, and open Iron Gates—The Wall, in an angular direction to the right, is intersected by Trees and Flowers.—Music, as the Scene opens—Leporello descends a Ladder placed at the angle, followed by Don Juan.

Don J. Now, Spirit of Intrigue, befriend thy votary!

Lep. Guardians of Innocence, on you I call! protect me, I beseech you, from spring-guns, and man-traps!

Don J. Come on! the lanthorn! (*Music*).

(*Leporello gives the Lanthorn—Don Juan reconnoitres*).

Lep. Now, must I stand sentinel without, while he plays the lover within. Night after night, the same game, and every week a fresh object! My constitution will never hold—it will kill me!

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Don J. 'Tis well; they sleep,—Leporello! the key! the key!

Lep. There it is;—that cursed key can open half the doors in Seville.

Don J. Now, haughty Don, spite of thy mandate, Leonora, the beauteous Leonora, shall be mine!

Lep. Leonora! the daughter of Don Pedro, the first Grandee in the city?

Don J. The same!

Lep. Are you mad?

Don J. I'm in love.

Lep. That's worse. (*Light appears at the window*). Sir! Sir!

Don J. What now?

Lep. Look! (*Points to the window*).

Don J. Ha! not yet retired: I am too early.

Lep. You are never too late on such occasions. Oh! that I dare tell you a piece of my mind!

Don J. Say on:—thy folly will divert my impatience.

Lep. Have you forgotten one Donna Elvira?

Don J. Elvira! who's she?

Lep. Who's she!—his own wife! and asks—Can't your Lordship call to mind a slight mishap you met with about three weeks ago?

Don J. What was it?

Lep. You got married.

Don J. Ha! ha! true—that was the most serious accident that ever happened to me—but I'm quite recovered.

Lep. Recovered! that's very well for you; but with reverence to your Worship, I have a conscience.

Don J. Ha! ha!—a what?

Lep. A conscience. And, sooth to say, I am something scandalized at the life you lead.

Don J. 'Tis wondrous pleasant!

Lep. Pleasant! 'under favour, I have seen handsomer gentlemen than you, hanged for such pranks.

Don J. How, rascal!

Lep. How? why, with a cord,—vulgar hemp. I beg pardon.

Don J. Proceed, proceed!

Lep. I should never finish, were I to enumerate the catalogue of your vagaries—the bead-roll would last till doomsday.

Don J. Am I not right? I have a heart to be in love with all the world,—and, like Alexander, could wish me other worlds, that I might still love, still conquer.

Lep. I find your Lordship is no more afraid of perdition, than many other gay cavaliers; but I have scruples. People will be apt to say, “like master, like man,” and I may be hanged in your Lordship's company.

Don J. Be tranquil, Leporello; that's an honour you'll ne'er have courage to deserve.

Lep. I am not ambitious. (*The window is opened—Leonora appears*).

Leon. 'St, 'st—

Don J. Hush! we have been discovered—

Lep. Discover'd! I'm a dead man! (*Drops on his knees*).

Leon. Octavio! Octavio!

Don J. Leonora! (*In a subdued tone*).

Leon. Dear Octavio, I dare not meet you yet. Depart, and read that note. (*She throws down a Letter, and closes the window*).

Don J. Good. She takes me for that favour'd upstart, young Octavio,—the light—quick!—(*Leporello discloses the Lanthorn, and holds it while Don Juan finds and reads the Note*).
“When 'tis time, my attendant shall apprise

you. You know the signal."—The signal!
s'death! I know it not.

Lep. For the love of life, let us leave the
garden—she'll raise the house, and I shall be
murder'd.

(Prelude without).

Don J. Ha! who have we here?

Lep. It's all over!

Don J. Some serenading coxcomb. Curse
on his intrusion.

*(Octavio and Serenaders enter, and place
themselves under the Window—Leporello
creeps to the side amongst the trees, fol-
lowed by Don Juan).*

SONG—*Serenade, Octavio.*

Come shining forth, my dearest,
With looks of warm delight,
Shed joy as thou appearest,
Like morning's beam of light!
Like morning's beam of light, Love,
Mild shines thine azure eye,
Thine absence is a night, Love,
In which I droop and die.

Oh! let me hear that tongue, Love,
Whose music thrills my heart,
Like notes by Angels sung, Love,
When souls in bliss depart.
And, at thy casement rising,
Illume my ravish'd sight,
Like day, the world surprizing,
With morning's beam of light.

*(At the close, the window is slowly opened.
Don Juan appears listening, and Lepo-
rello crouching close behind him—Leo-
nora appears on the Balcony).*

Oct. The window opens. Begone! begone!

Don J. 'Tis himself,—Octavio!

Leon. This must be some mistake. I have not heard the whistle.

Don J. The whistle! enough. [*Music.*]

(*Don Juan rushes after Octavio, who has sent off his Companions.*)

Don J. (*Without*). Villain, have I caught thee?

Oct. Ah! betrayed!

Leon. Ah! (*Closing the window, suddenly the light disappears*).

Lep. Here's goodly work! Heaven bless all serving-men from such a master as mine! Turn him loose with Belzebub, and he'll beat him at his own weapons—Ey!

(*Don Juan enters hastily, with a Ribbon, to which is attached a Whistle*).

Lep. Which of you is kill'd—you, or the other?

Don J. I have obtained my object, but he escaped.

Lep. I wish I could escape.

(*Don Juan draws near the window, and whistles*).

Lep. This will end in something unpleasant—the gallows, as like as not.

(*The door opens—Maria appears*).

Mar. 'St! 'st! Don Octavio!

Don J. Here.

Mar. My lady feared you had been beset by ruffians.

Don J. Soft—lead me to her.

(*Goes in—door closed*).

Lep. Oh, that Octavio's sword had released me from this precious night-bird! While he

lives, I must be faithful, in spite of my inclination. If I quit him without leave, he's so revengeful, he'd search all Spain to find me out, for the sole satisfaction of cutting my throat.

(*Scuffle in the House, and voices—Leonora screams*).

Hey! I thought so. I knew it! Oh! this is no time for ceremony! I'm off.

(*Leporello runs off by the gates*).

Don P. Traitor, think not to escape.

Leon. Help, help! I'll die sooner than quit my hold.

Don J. Foolish woman! be advised!—

(*Enter struggling, followed by Don Pedro*).

Don P. Turn, turn, abandon'd villain, and meet a father's wrath,—a father's chastisement.

Leon. Oh, father! father!

Don P. You fly not hence unpunished.

(*Many voices without*). This way! this!—follow! follow!

Don J. If thou wilt perish, take thy destiny.

[*Music.*]

Leon. Oh! shield, protect him!

(*Short and rapid combat. —Don Juan, hearing the alarm, throws Leonora from him, and draws. Don Pedro falls.—Leporello rushes in, as pursued.—The voices again heard close without*).

Lep. Fly! fly! we are beset on all sides.

(*They scale the Wall—At the instant, Octavio and Party rush in with torches. —Maria and Servants enter from the House.—Leonora sees the body of her Father, utters a shriek, and falls*).

Tableau.

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Mansion of DON PEDRO.

[*Music.*]

Servants enter in confusion; MARIA followed by others, giving directions.

Mar. Are the messengers dispatched, as Don Octavio directed?

Serv. They are, they are!

Mar. Away then, quickly, and remove all traces of this horrible event.—My mistress comes,—away, away! [*Music.*]

[*Exeunt Maria and Servants.*]

Enter OCTAVIO and LEONORA.

Oct. Be comforted—you have yet the fondest lover, and the truest friend.

Leon. Never, never again shall Leonora taste of comfort. O! Octavio, our fatal passion has destroyed him: but for our imprudent assignation, he had still lived! he that gave me life! my dear, dear father!

Oct. Tears are no sacrifice for blood, calm this tumultuous grief, and think but of revenge.

Leon. Revenge can ne'er give back the dead. Juan, ungrateful, and perfidious Juan, soon receives a punishment, terrible and just; but never, never can restore my father.

Oct. Juan! was he the wretch?

Leon. Too surely;—I knew his voice.

Oct. You are deceived—under the guise of friendship, to perpetrate so foul a crime!—impossible!

Leon. Nay, he came not so, but, like a

fiend of darkness, marring the bliss he was denied to share! Muffled in his cloak, with every feature shrouded like his form, he stole into my presence,—my cries were heard,—assistance was at hand—he fled, and dragg'd me with him. To confirm my doubt, this glove, which in the struggle, I retained, bears his detested name.

Oct. O, eternal stain on fair nobility! indelible disgrace to the proud name of Spaniard! Thy life, I swear, shall be the forfeit of thy crime, or mine be lost in the attempt to punish it.

DUET—*Leonora and Octavio.*

- Leon.* Leave me, for ever leave me!
Heaven, of life bereave me!
With him, who being gave me,
Oh, let me perish too!
- Oct.* Forbear this wild appealing,
Oh, calm your frantic feeling!
And hear your lover, kneeling,
Vow life and death with you!
- Leon.* My Love,—alas!—forgive me,
My madd'ning mind will leave me!
My father, thee I call!
- Oct.* Console thee, soothe thy mind, Love!
Ever in me thou'lt find, Love,
A father, lover, all!
- Leon.* Swear, for my bleeding sire,
Thou'lt stern avenger prove.
- Oct.* I swear, by thine eyes' soft fire,
I swear by all our love!
- Both.* Our bosoms, Oh! just heaven!
Till vengeance shall be given,
By rage and sorrow riven,
Tortures on tortures prove!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Distant View of Seville: Morning.

Enter DON JUAN, followed by LEPORELLO.

Don J. Come on, and, prithee, let me hear no more reproofs, or I shall crop your ears, sirrah.

Lep. A word to the wise—that's quite sufficient.

Don J. What though we failed, success was well deserved.

“ 'Mongst all the joys, which in the world are sought,
“ None are so great as those by dangers bought.”

—Ey!

Lep. I've done, I've done! He thinks no more of running a gentleman through the body, than I do of splitting a lark!

ZERLINA and MASETTO, with Male and Female Peasantry, enter, as to celebrate a Wedding—DON JUAN and LEPORELLO retire.

DUET AND CHORUS—*Zerlina, Masetto, and Peasants.*

Zer. Pretty lasses, love's summer, remember,
Ever flies upon gossamer wing;
Suffer not then, life's chilly December,
To destroy Cupid's bow and his string!
Lira la, lira la!
But make haste, and be happy, like me!

Chorus. Lira la, lira la!

Zer. & } Oh! haste, and be happy, like me!

Chorus: } Oh! haste, and be happy, like thee!
Lira la, lira la!

Mas. And, ye lads, who are constantly changing,
For a time, tho' 'tis pleasant to run
From this beauty, to that, ever ranging,
Yet, at last, pray, be constant to one!
Lira lira la!

And be happy, be happy, like me,

Mas. & } Lira la, lira la!

Chorus. } And be happy, be happy like thee,
Oh! be happy, be happy, like me!

Zer. & } Oh, what rapture! the marriage bells ringing,

Mas. } To be dancing, and playing, and singing,
Who so happy, so happy as we?

Chorus. Lira la, lira la,
Who so happy, so happy as we?

(*At the close of the Music, Don Juan joins the throng, and singles Zerlina from the Groupe—Leporello entering at the same time, observing him*).

Lep. Oh, this love! this love! Why, he's at it again.

Don J. (*Advancing with Zerlina*): Lively, merry souls! Leporello, didst ever see a creature half so fascinating?

Lep. Oh, charming! Another mistress!—
(*Aside*).

Don J. Such a form! such a complexion!

Lep. He's on the high road to the devil, and not content with travelling alone, claps me up behind him, and rides post!

Don J. A wedding!

Zer. Yes, kind Sir, and I am the bride.

(*Don Juan kisses her hand*).

Lep. Oh yes, he's very kind! Zooks! amongst so many, one may fall to my share, in an honest way. (*Retires to the groupe*).

Don J. Joy! joy! I give you joy!—But where's the bridegroom?

Mas. Here, my Lord, at your service. (*Bowing between them*).

Don J. Your name?

Mas. Masetto, Sir.

Don J. And yours, sweet maid?

Zer. Zerlina, an it please you, Sir.

Don J. It does, it does please me! Ah! Masetto, thou art a favour'd mortal! I'll be the founder of your wedding feast, and every pleasure that—Leporello! rascal!

Lep. Ey! that's me! (*Starting from half a dozen girls, whom he has enticed round him*).

Don J. What do you there?

Lep. A good example is never lost on an attentive servant.

Don J. Conduct these worthy people to my palace; order an entertainment; bid masks and music; and till all's prepared, pay particular attention to my friend Masetto—d'ye hear?

Lep. Yes, and understand too—Come along, (*to Masetto*).

Mas. Nay, your pardon there; I share no sports or feast either, without Zerlina.

Don J. Be content—Zerlina shall come on with me—she will be safe in my care.

Mas. I doubt it not, Senor; but her mother told me, she'd be safer now in mine.

Lep. That chap is no fool, tho' he looks like one.

Zer. Fye, Masetto! you'll offend our benefactor. He seems a noble, and I'm sure, a handsome gentleman.

Mas. Yes, by'r lady, and may be more handsome than honest.

(*Don Juan takes the opportunity of giv-*

ing instructions to Leporello, who expostulates, till threaten'd by his master).

Zer. I see now you are jealous. Ah, Masetto! I thought you had more confidence.

Mas. But that gentleman has a little too much; didn't I see him kiss your hand—you ne'er withdrew it; he clasped you round the waist too—still you bore it patiently.

Don J. What, quarrelling before marriage! nay do not anticipate your joys.

Mas. Well, stay, stay, if you please—I shall not lack company.

Lep. Stay! why, the fellow's an ass! I thought—

Mas. What?

Don J. Leporello! (*With an angry glance.*)

Lep. I was only going to say, I thought he had more sense, than to suppose a great Don, like your worship, would demean himself with a clodhopper's wife. Come, come, let us join the lasses—I'll shew you the way—our palace is close by.

Mas. (*Aside*) Imprudent girl! but I'll have an eye upon them—I might trust her, but not Don Juan—I know him.

Lep. Come, come along—

(*He follows Leporello, who beckons him; but as the Peasants depart, slips back, and watches at the side.*)

Don J. Now, sweet, we are alone, and—

Zer. Sure you mean no harm! Masetto is my lover.

Don J. I am thy lover. Think you, I could suffer such bewitching beauty to be squandered on a clown?

Zer. But he is my husband now.

Don J. Absurd ! those lovely eyes, and ruby lips, were never formed to bless a low-born peasant, I—I will be thy husband.

Zer. You, my Lord ! you mock me.

Don J. Nay then, hear me swear ! (*On his knee*).

Zer. Oh no ! I am but a poor country girl, and have not the wit to answer all your fine sayings ; but, tho' humble in my station, I have learnt to prize the heart of an honest youth, beyond all the splendour of exalted infamy.

(*Masetto expresses joy—Leporello, on the opposite side, enters, and looks round*).

Lep. Not here, either !

Zer. Pray, let me go, alas ! 'tis true, that I have heard,—young and gallant cavaliers are dangerous society for simple maids.

Don J. A vile calumny of the vulgar. Nobility and honour always dwell together.

(*Leporello approaches unseen*).

Lep. There is no rule without an exception.

Don J. S'death ! rascal, what brought you here ?

Lep. I have lost one of my flock—I came back to find him. All the rest are in fold safe enough—but Masetto's missing.

Zer. Masetto ! (*Alarmed, but, looking round, perceives him*).

Don J. He can be spared, (*Apart to Leporello*).

Lep. Ah ! but there is somebody to supply his place, that you may think still more disagreeable

Don J. Who's that ?

Lep. Your wife, (*In a tone not to be heard by Zerlina*).

Don J. Elvira! at such a moment!

Lep. That's a sickener! (*Apart*).

Don J. When—where have you seen her?

Lep. In the palace; and having sought for you in vain there, she's coming here.

Don J. Here! torments and furies! I shall be torn to pieces. Follow me to the pavilion.

[*Exit.*

Lep. The pavilion! he'll run into her very arms. Nothing but his wife, or a thunderbolt, could have made him quit his prey; but the poor girl is safe now, if she will but keep so.

(*Sees Masetto, who has come from his concealment, and joined Zerlina*).

Oh! you are there, are you? A word with you.

Don J. (*Without*). Leporello!

Lep. Coming!—Anon I'll speak. Now am I called away to be beaten! Whenever he is out of sorts, this master of mine prefers cudgelling me to all other cure.

Don J. (*Without*) Leporello!

Lep. I come! Oh! would I were a dog.

[*Exit.*

Mas. Yes, I witnessed all that passed, and love thee now far better than before.

Zerl. Ah, Masetto! I would not have deserted you for the proudest Lord in Spain. I'd die sooner than wrong you.

Mas. Dear Zerlina!

DUET—*Zerlina and Masetto.*

- Mas.* Now place your hand in mine, dear,
And gently whisper, Yes;
Each vain desire resign, dear,
And poor Masetto bless!
- Zerl.* I would—but yet I would not;—
This wav'ring, fickle heart,
It beats for what it should not,
Yet from thee cannot part.
- Mas.* And could you think to leave me?
- Zerl.* You wish but to deceive me.
- Mas.* I'll ever happy make thee.
- Zerl.* Haste then, while willing, take me.
- Mas.* Come then—come then,
Come place your hand in mine, dear, &c.
- Both.* Fond truth our hearts uniting,
And love, to bliss inviting,
A thousand joys impart.

SCENE IV.

*The Grounds close without Don Juan's
Palace.*

Enter DON JUAN and LEPORELLO.

Don J. Ha! ha! What maggot's in thy brain,
now, Leporello?

Lep. If I might, without offence—

Don J. Speak, and fear not. My humour's
mended since I 'scaped my wife.

Lep. Speak then I will; think of your last
night's exploit—first, to break into Leonora's
apartment, and, then, murder her father!

Don J. Self-preservation required it; the old
man was bent upon his ruin.

Lep. And was the young Lady bent upon
hers?

Don J. No, but I was—as to Pedro, we were hand to hand, and I killed him fairly.

Lep. Oh! certainly, he'd be in the wrong to complain; but, if your Worship has no scruples, I have: hanging is a position I can't endure, I've an unconquerable antipathy to hemp, and never look at a bell-rope without trembling.

Don J. Ha! ha! poor Leporello!

Lep. In short, your service is a matter of life and death; and, as I am by no means a man to set danger at defiance, I humbly crave to be discharged.

Don J. Why, no one witnessed the affair but thee; and should it come to light, I have power with the State for pardon.

Lep. Then we shake hands, and part.

Don J. No, 'faith; thou'rt too useful to be spared.

Lep. Do, spare me, do—I'll not stand for wages.

Don J. Another word, I'll slit your windpipe.

Lep. That's sufficient—I'm dumb!

Don J. Ey! (*Looking off*). What's there?—a woman?

Lep. Another! Nothing female comes amiss to him.

Don J. See, see, how like a sylph she glides; and this way bends.

Enter ELVIRA.

—Elvira!—Dog! you have betrayed me!—
(*Aside to Leporello*).

Lep. Here'll be a tempest!

Elv. So, Sir, have I found you? Thou hypocrite! thou monster of deceit! by oaths and flattery to win me to thy arms, and ere our union was acknowledged to the world, leave me

a prey to anguish and remorse. Cruel man! what have I done, that you should fly me thus?

Don J. Dearest Elvira, you mistake—your anger is unjust.

Elv. Oh, Juan! are all thy oaths and vows forgotten? Why feign affection to betray me?

Don J. On my soul, my love was real.

Elv. Was real! and is it not so now? Ah, thou'rt abash'd. Come, impostor, arm thy front with a noble impudence; swear again that you still love me with unparallelled affection; that, when away from me, you suffer all the pangs that men endure, when soul and body separate! Thus should thy guilt defend itself, and not stand thunderstruck.

Don J. Silence these reproaches, and I will speak the truth.

Lcp. For the first time. (*Aside*).

Don J. Nay, smooth that angry brow, and hear how long I've loved you.

Lep. Just three weeks!

Don J. How fervently I still do love!

Elv. Thine oaths are false, and barren as thine honour. Abandon'd, base deceiver! now do I know thee thoroughly, and, to my shame and torture, know thee, when certainty can only make me desperate. Why hast thou not declared our marriage?

Don J. You'll pardon me. When thou art tame, I'll answer: at present, I've a little business. Leporello, reply for me.

Lep. I—I reply!

Don J. Of all the torments borne by old or young,

None can exceed that plague—a woman's tongue. [*Exit.*

Lep. He has the heart of a tyger.

Elv. Am I, indeed, the victim of perfidy? Oh! how assiduous was his passion! how many thousand sighs he breathed, how many tears he wept, seeming to suffer all the pangs that lovers e'er have felt!—Gone!

Lep. Even let him go; he's not worth the keeping. I have a greater respect for you, than any he has yet deceived.

Elv. Deceived! has he no conscience, faith, or honour left?

Lep. Left! bless you, he never *had* any.

Elv. None!

Lep. Not a morsel of either; there's no man has the misfortune to know him better than I; and, without scandal, it's a mercy I am not corrupted! Why, he's the most perfidious, atrocious wretch alive!

(*Leporello perceives Don Juan, who has entered at the side, as if to avoid some person, and at this instant fixes his eye upon Leporello*).

—That is, in people's report; but you,—you know what report is, a common liar—he'll cut my throat. (*Aside*). He's eccentric, it's true, very eccentric; but a good master, and a worthy man—Heaven forgive me for lying. (*Aside*).

Elv. May I believe you?

Lep. You may; I never deceived a woman in my life. The fact is, he's a little—a little too gallant, but where shall we find perfection? where (*looking round*) no where!

(*Don Juan has passed out on the opposite side, stealing behind Leporello and Elvira*).

—He has used you better than all the rest. I never knew him constant a whole fortnight before.

Elv. How! is my grief a subject for thy mockery, fellow! Am I made their sport! but 'tis past, let love for ever sleep within my breast, and nothing wake, but hatred and revenge!

Lep. On my life, I pity, and would relieve you; but, what can't be cured, must be endured. Look here! (*Taking out his Book*)—you are not the first, or last.

Elv. O villain! villain!

SONG—*Leporello.*

Pray, behold, Ma'am! In this long list I've made, is
An account of my master's fair Ladies:

Not Jove, so renown'd at Love's trade is;

Pray, observe it, and read it with me!

First, in Italy, Ma'am, seven hundred;

Then, in Germany, eight you may see;

Then, in Turkey and France, one-and-ninety;

But, in Spain, Ma'am, one thousand and three!

Here are chambermaids by dozens,

City dames, and country cousins,

Countesses, and baronesses,

Marchionesses, and princesses,

All descriptions, ages, classes—

Not a woman could go free!

First, the Fair Ones he bewitches

By the softness of his speeches;

Makes the Brown Ones burn like fever,

Warmly vowing love for ever!

With the Pale Ones he will languish,

Melt and sigh in tender anguish;

The Grand and Tall Ones sometimes warm him,

But the Little Ones always charm him!

High and low, Ma'am, old and young, Ma'am,

Own the music of his tongue, Ma'am;

Ugly, pretty, short, and tall,

He, 'pon honour, lov'd them all!

[*Exit.*

Elv. What witchcraft do I suffer? that, while I abhor his vices, I still love his person.

Enter LEONORA and OCTAVIO in Dominos, &c. attended by LOPEZ and MARIA.

Oct. Are all ready?

Lop. All.

Oct. Masked, and armed, as I directed?

Lop. They are, my Lord, and fully warned of your intention.

Leon. Elvira; you have seen him, spoken with him?

Elv. I have.

Leon. And he,—

Elv. Is, I fear, the basest wretch that ever marr'd the peace of innocence.

Leon.—But, how did he receive you?

Elv. O, ask me not! if my surmise be verified, no misery can sink me lower. [*Exit.*

Leon. And, can this man be happy? Oh, Octavio! my father's spirit cries aloud for retribution; but thou, perhaps, may fall, and Leonora lose her last, her only friend.

Oct. Banish these painful recollections: by our mutual love, this arm, and this true sword shall yield a sacrifice, to give thy bosom peace.

(*Band heard within the Gardens of the Palace*).

Enter LEPORELLO.

QUARTETTO—*Leporello, Octavio, Leonora, Maria.*

Lep. Strangers, pray, hither bend ye,
Where song and dance attend ye,
Master, by me doth send ye,
A welcome to his fête!

Oct. Leon. } Heaven, our woe relieving,
 & Mar. } Shall punish his deceiving.
 Lep. Pray, Sir, your answer send him!
 Pray, Ma'am—
 Leon. & } —Say we attend him!
 Mar. }
 Oct. Thanks for your friendly greeting,
 We'll come, nor fear the meeting,
 Lep. The tamborine is beating,
 You may,—but I can't wait!
 Oct. Leon. } Kind heaven, our woe relieving,
 & Mar. } Shall punish his deceiving,
 And ev'ry wrong retrieving,
 The wretch shall meet his fate!
 [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Luxuriant Gardens, and distant View—Booths on one side, for Refreshments—on the other, at the upper end a Summer-House.

“ Enter MASETTO, followed by ZERLINA, attempting to soothe him.

“ Zer. Masetto! dear Masetto!

“ Mas. Don't touch me, Zerlina—I'll not be fooled twice—your falsehood's plain.

“ Zer. What, distrust me still!—If he will but hear me, I'll soon coax him.—Now, Masetto!

“ Mas. Nonsense! folly!

“ Zer. Do not use me thus, indeed I have not deserved it.—

“ Mas. Not! why persist in coming here, after what has passed?

“ Zer. Where's the harm,—would you deny me this fine entertainment,—the music,—the dancing?—it was all on our account, and if the Signor will pay me so much attention, how can I prevent him? Now, Masetto—”

SONG—*Zerlina.*

“ Chide me, chide me, dear Masetto!

“ Chide Zerlina at your will;

“ Like the patient lamb, I’ll suffer,

“ Meek and mute, and loving still.

“ Rend these locks you’ve prais’d so highly,

“ From thine arms, Zerlina cast;

“ These fond eyes in rage extinguish,

“ Fondly still they’ll look their last.

“ Ah! I see, Love, you’re relenting,

“ Pardon, kneeling, I implore,

“ Night and day to thee devoted,

“ Here I vow to err no more.”

“ *Mas. (Subdued, and kissing her hand).*
There’s no resisting her! Ah! we swains have
stout hearts, but marvellous weak heads! (*They
turn up the Stage.*)”

*Enter LEPORELLO at the side, in subdued
alarm.*

Lep. All’s not right—we have suspicious com-
pany! yet, he sees them not, nor will he hear.—
Folks are not wont to wear Toledo blades a
yard and a half long, at a Masquerade!—I
don’t like it.

[*Music.*]

(*Don Juan and Masks enter at the upper
end—as they advance to occupy the Stage,
Octavio, Leonora, and Elvira, enter at
the side—they are noticed by Leporello
—Zerlina and Masetto again join the
throng.*)

Don J. Now then, our dance—the soft Bolero and the gay Fandango!—when Pleasure fills the cup, and Beauty proffers it, who would not taste?—I'll quaff it to the dregs!—Well, what now?

Lep. Sir, Sir! there are certain strangers—

Don J. They are welcome! welcome all. (*To the Party, who bow slightly*). Refreshments quick! the motto here, is “Liberty and Love!” you are entirely welcome! (*bowing to them, and turning to the rest*).—But, we lose time—provide Masetto with a partner. (*Aside to Leporello, as he turns towards Zerlina*).

Elv. That's the young girl, I told you of—we must save her from this destroyer! Oh, shame upon my tenderness! even now, I would preserve him—(*Aside*).

Oct. (*To Lopez*). Be cautious! the stag at bay is a dangerous foe! and surrounded by his dissolute and desperate companions—the time ill suits. (*Leporello, in pairing the Dancers, comes close to Octavio, and starts*).

Lep. As I live, Don Octavio!—he's here for no good, I'll watch him.

Don J. Charming Zerlina! you are my partner in the dance. (*Kissing her hand*).

Mas. Do—again! your head shall ache for 't!

Lep. There's a storm rising—but I'll be under shelter—(*Apart*).

Don J. Come, the music, strike.

[*Ballet.*]

(*During which, Masetto keeps an eye on Juan—Octavio is seen speaking occasionally to Lopez—Elvira and Leonora, the same—Don Juan exerts himself to overcome the scruples of Zerlina*

—she at length consents, and they join the Dance — Leporello seeing Octavio and Lopez, eyes them with suspicion, makes his way to the upper end, and enters the Summer-house. As the figure of the Dance brings Juan and Zerlina near it, he forces her off. — Zerlina screams, and the Dance ends in confusion).

Mas. Ah! 'tis Zerlina's voice!

[*Music.*]

Zer. Help! help! Masetto! Masetto! (*Rushing forward*). Oh! save me! save me!

(*She runs into the arms of Masetto—Juan instantly following from the Summer-house, his sword drawn, and dragging forward Leporello.*)

Don J. Wretch! rascal!

Lep. Ah! murder!—what are you doing?

Don J. This is the reptile who has dared to insult that innocent—but my own hand shall bestow his punishment.

Lep. Ah!

Mas. No, Don Juan, 'twas thyself—this subterfuge shall not save you.

Oct. Villain! (*Unmasks*).

(*Elvira and Leonora do the same*).

Don J. 'Sdeath! Octavio! Leonora, and Elvira too!

Oct. Ay, each minute is an age, till thou hast answered for Don Pedro's death!

(*A roll of Thunder*).

Don J. Is it so? Well, I shrink not—let heaven and earth combine, nothing can or shall appal me!

SEPTETTO.

Tremble, traitor! Wrath is waking,
 Terror deep thy conscience shaking,
 Sudden vengeance guilt o'ertaking,
 Thou, unheard, for aid shall cry;
 Dead to hope, unpitied falling,
 Wild remorse thy heart appalling,
 Thou for mercy vainly calling,
 In despairing guilt shall die!

(Juan stands in the midst, laughing at their rage, and braving their threats—Octavio, towards the close, breaks from Leonora and Elvira, and attacking Don Juan, is disarmed—Elvira rushes between them, and arrests the blow of Juan—Tableau).

END OF ACT I.

 ACT II.

SCENE I.

ELVIRA'S House—Viranda Window, and Entrance. — Evening twilight — [Music.]—Peasants discovered.

MASETTO enters from the House, as the Curtain rises.

Mas. So, if she can be safe any where from the pursuit of this Don Devil, it must be with the Lady Elvira; but, do not be far off, my friends; I may need your service yet.

1st Peas. Never fear us, Masetto.

Mas. Even the dwelling of his wife may not be sufficient to protect Zerlina from his snares. When once his mind is bent on mischief, there's nothing bars his course.

1st Peas. I'll warrant you, he's flesh and blood, tho' he be a Lord : his head can feel the weight of a cudgel, as well as another's.

[*Exeunt Peasants.*]

Mas. This foolish girl has vexed me to the heart; but woman is a riddle, that has puzzled wiser heads than mine—they sometimes seem to love the man they hate, and hate the man they love.

SONG—*Masetto.*

When women warm us,
Oh, how they charm us,
Never alarm us,
Till they are won!

Wedded, how changing,
Fickle and ranging,
Fancy estranging,
From us they run!

Rivals invite them,
Pleasures delight them,
Nothing can fright them,
Under the sun!

Anger resenting,
Never repenting,
Teazing, tormenting,
Still they go on!

Nothing can move them,
Riddles we prove them,
Yet still we love them,
All said and done!

When women, &c.

Enter DON JUAN and LEPORELLO.

Don J. You are right, Leporello; it was, indeed, a fortunate escape.

Lep. Yes, for me, in particular! When your purpose serves, you don't stand for trifles—friend or foe, its all one to you—Ey! there goes Masetto.

Don J. Masetto! where? Ah! then, Zerlina cannot be far off. I have it! She is here, here, in this very house.

Lep. Why, who's is it?

Don J. Elvira's.

Lep. Your wife's! What the pestilence brought you here?

Don J. Fool! my wife's house is the last place in which they'll expect to find me.

Lep. Come, there's some truth in that.

Don J. But how! how to attract her attention! Leporello, have you courage to assist in a project?

Lep. Not a morsel! that last affair extinguished every spark on't. If you'll only stick to wine, and give up women, I'll not flinch.

Don J. Give up women, sot! give up women! give up the dearest blessing of my life. I am confident Zerlina's in the house,—Listen! You shall take my cloak and hat; I'll wear thine; and while you engage the attention of Elvira, as Don Juan, I, as Leporello, may discover the concealment of Zerlina.

Lep. Ah! while I get run thro' the body—I demur—it's a bad plan.

Don J. Sneaking scoundrel!—can you fear your rascally carcass, when I venture mine?

Lep. Oh! I don't value my life! but con-

sider my reputation—Only reflect on the disgrace of being killed in your character.

Don J. No matter, I insist—so—ah, Leporello! happy is the servant that can arrive at the glory of dying for his master—that's well!

(During this, they have changed Cloaks and Hats—The Window opens, and Elvira appears).

Elv. Hish! is that Masetto?—Masetto! I would speak with you.

Don J. Elvira! dearest Elvira! *(Turning Leporello towards her).*

Elv. Ah! Heaven! do my senses mock me? Juan!

Don J. Yes, dear Elvira, your own repentant Juan!

Elv. Can it be possible? that voice, conjoined with those kind accents!

Don J. Keep still, you dog, or I shall save the hangman's labour *(In a whisper to Leporello, who fidgets).* Ah! best beloved Elvira! 'tis your husband asks forgiveness, and a shelter from the dangers that surround him.

(During this, Don Juan, provoked at the sluggishness of Leporello, and the awkwardness of his motions, makes him accompany the expression of the words himself).

Don J. Admit me, I entreat.

Elv. That must not be; beneath this roof you'll but increase your peril.

Don J. Ah! then she is here—Villain, if you stir, I'll stab you—*(To Leporello).* Oh! do not keep me on the rack.

Elv. What a situation's mine!

Don J. Come down, my dearest love, come down.

Elv. To be again imposed on! Oh, Juan, Juan!

Don J. She yields! she yields! (*The Window closes*).

Lep. If this lying devil hasn't wheedled her again.

Don J. Now, observe—when she comes out, I may get admittance—occupy her attention—speak little, and caress much.

Lep. Lord, I never made love in my life!

Don J. You know my way—

Lep. But I never practised.

Don J. Pho! easy as lying.

Lep. But, Sir—your worship—

Don J. No reply—Peace! the door opens—

(*Elvira enters—Don Juan retreats, and as she advances to Leporello passes behind her, and enters the house*).

Lep. If she should find me out!

Elv. Could I have believed my sorrows would have melted that obdurate breast?—(*Leporello makes action of assent, imitating Juan*).—Ah! if you knew what sighs, what tears your cruelty has caused me! the anguish I have endured!

Lep. Oh! (*Attempts tenderness, but groans as he kisses her hand*). Angel!

Elv. And will you be for ever mine—will you, indeed? (*She reclines affectionately on his shoulder*).

Lep. Ah, goddess of love! (*Embracing her*).—This is not unpleasant—I like the joke.

Elv. Nay, fear not the approach of enemies,

no ill shall e'er befall thee, sheltered in my fond arms.

Lep. I'm all on fire!

(*Masetto appears on the watch—the Peasants stealing cautiously after him*).

Elv. My heart's dearest treasure!

Lep. My soul's delight!

Elv. Swear then,—

Lep. By this kiss—

(*At the moment Leporello is kissing Elvira, Masetto strikes him down—Leporello roars—Elvira screams, and runs into the house*).

Mas. Now, traitor, I'll repay your kindness.

Elv. Ah! fly, Juan, fly!

[*Exit to the House.*

Mas. Spare him not—lay on! lay on! (*To the Peasants*).

Lep. Ah! oh! s'heart! a man may as well fight as be killed!—have at you, rogues!—(*Leporello draws, and lays about him—Masetto starts*).

Mas. Hold! hold! 'tis Leporello!

Lep. Flesh and fire! is this the way you treat the best friend you have in the world?

Mas. We took you for Don Juan—Where is he?

[*Music.*]

(*Don Juan runs across the Stage, from the House, Zerlina in his arms, screaming*).

Ah! 'tis he!—follow—he shall not escape us now. [*Exeunt Masetto and Peasants.*

Lep. Plague take the booby, I say, and the devil take my master! I hav'n't a whole bone in my body—Ey!

(*Scuffle and confusion without*).

Mas. Down with him! villain!—*Zerlina!*
(*Without*).

Don J. Caitiff! rascals! (*Without*).

Lep. Oh, brave master! he fights like an imprisoned rat—he'll score you—he'll pay you, dogs!

Mas. Pusue! pursue! (*Don Juan returns alone, running across*).

Don J. Fly, fly, Leporello! they are at my heels—fly, fly! [*Exeunt.*

Lep. Fly!—egad! its no time for me to stand, when he runs. [*Exit.*

Enter MASETTO and ZERLINA.

Zer. Oh, Masetto! guard me from that wicked man!

Mas. From which? he that fled, or he with whom I found you?—Oh, *Zerlina!*

Zer. What is't you mean? Of whom do you speak?

Mas. I scarcely know—Leporello, Juan, both, or the devil in their likeness—this girl will drive me mad—did I not see him kiss thee? and when I struck him down, did you not bid him fly?

Zer. No! no indeed—when I heard your voice, terrified, I flew from my concealment, and Juan then surprized me—but are you hurt, *Masetto?*

Mas. More by your unkindness, than his blows.

Zer. Why will you let this foolish jealousy betray you into trouble? But all will be well, soon; only cherish the heart that loves you, *Masetto,* and you will find in it, an unfailing balm for distrust and suspicion.

SONG—Zerlina.

List! and I'll find, Love,
 If you are kind, Love,
 Balm for your mind, Love,
 Patient but be;

This balm so pure, Love,
 Simple and sure, Love,
 Sweet to endure, Love,
 None know but me.

Thrilling and healing,
 Over thee stealing,
 Exquisite feeling,
 Meant but for thee!

To thy entreating
 I'll yield it, dear!
 Feel how 'tis beating,
 Beating just here!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Moonlight—A Cemetery—The Tomb of Don Pedro, surmounted by his Statue on Horseback.

*Enter DON JUAN laughing, followed by
 LEPORELLO.*

Don J. Ha! ha! ha! poor Leporello! thou art still alive.

Lep. No thanks to you—were I beaten to a mummy, you care not.

Don J. Come, come, this shall make all well—'tis a sovereign remedy for your complaint—*(holding out a purse)*.

Lep. Ey! no—I'm not to be bribed, like the weaker sex—what is it?

Don J. A plaister for bruised bones.

Lep. How much?

Don J. Ten pistoles.

Lep. Enough!

Don J. Quite, for a broken coxcomb! What a lovely night is here!—"The air, methinks, breathes a delicious balm, and nature now, looks soft and bright as the relenting glance of some cold beauty, warmed and won to love.

"*Lep.* More raptures! more ravings! I wish I'd a remedy for you."

Don J. Why, such a night as this, was made for amorous enterprise! yet the hue and cry without might make it troublesome to venture.

Lep. The what!—the hue and cry!

Don J. Hark ye! Leporello! there are certain envious knaves abroad to-night, that seek to mar the sports they'd fain enjoy. Your lynx-eyed alguazil keeps watch. We must not yet move hence.

Lep. Why, where are we? (*Looking round*) Oh! worse and worse! if there's one place I dislike more than another, it's a church-yard by night, and in such company! (*Aside*).

Don J. What's that you mutter?

"*Lep.* Oh! if you would but take warning—if you would but mend your life.

"*Don. J.* Mend it! don't I enjoy it to the full? do I not gather every blossom that the spring of youth puts forth?

"*Lep.* Yes; but the fruit will be remorse—you'll not admire the flavour of it. Now if I had a master—I say, if I had a master without a conscience, I should tell him flatly to his face—Does it become you, a mere atom, a reptile, a little earth-worm—mind, I speak to the aforesaid master—does it become you, to make

a jest of what your betters revere? think you, because you are a man of quality, with straight limbs, and a fair presence, a feather stuck in your cap, and a sword dangling at your tail—

Don J. How!

Lep. I say, do you suppose, that you are at liberty to go it as you do, without an honest man daring to give you your own? Then, learn from me, who am only your lacquey,—Ah! I speak to the aforesaid—

Don J. Hold, Sir! that aforesaid of yours, seems to be a person I have something of a regard for, something of a friendship, and 'twould be the heighth of baseness in me, not to cut a rascal's throat that spoke ill of him.

Lep. Ah! that's what I said—your story may be very true, says I—says I to him; but all men are not alike. Now, I have a master, says I, that scorns such freaks;—he does not kiss other men's wives, and run away with their daughters;—he, he never killed a man in a brawl, or beat his servant, like a stock, or a stone—says I.

Don J. Ha! ha! I understand thee, knave—

Stat. Thy mirth shall end, 'ere glow-worms fade in morning.

(*Leporello terrified, and Juan listening with surprize*).

Don J. Leporello! what voice?—

Lep. A spirit! a spirit!—Oh! I freeze with horror!

Don J. This is strange!—Pshaw! some one's concealed, and laughs at our surprize—what have we here?—the tomb of Don Pedro!

Lep. Don Pedro!

Don J. They must have been expeditious!

Lep. Expeditious! mortal man never could have raised it in so short a time.

Don J. 'Tis finely sculptur'd! and very like him too!

Lep. Terribly, terribly like him!

Don J. Leporello, approach—read me the inscription.

Lep. Excuse me, my eyes are not good enough to read by moonlight.

Don J. Read, I say.

Lep. (*Advancing, retreats on looking up*).—My heart fails me! I could almost fancy him alive, and going to speak.

Don J. Incurable coward! but, come, I'll send thee with a message.

Lep. Will you? I'll go with all the pleasure in life—Here's a blessed release!—but where—what street—your compliments, and—

Don J. To Don Pedro—there!—(*Leporello starts*).—Ask him to supper!

Lep. Ask!—Ey! Oh, good Sir, you jest,—he has no appetite.

Don J. Do as I bid thee.

Lep. Certainly, to be sure; but, under favour, with all submission, wouldn't it be rather more respectful—more polite, as you are so near his residence, just to call upon him yourself?

(*Don Juan threatens Leporello, who bows to him, and then advances towards the Statue with trepidation*).

—Good Mr. Statue, I—I—I'm not well. (*Turning to Don Juan*).

Don J. (*Half drawing his Sword*). I'll cure you.

Lep. I go, I go—if it shall please your Wor-

ship, my master—would desire—your company—
—to supper. Ah! Oh! O! O!

(Don Juan listens to the delivery of his Message, as if enjoying Leporello's terror—
At the word "Supper," the Statue bows its head, and Leporello runs forward, overwhelmed with dismay).

Don J. S'death! what does the fellow roar at?

Lep. The—the—the Statue! (*Nods his head in imitation*).

Don J. What!

(Leporello attempts in vain to speak, but points over his shoulder, and again imitates the motion of the Statue).

Don J. Assents, but does not speak—then I'll speak to him.

[*Music.*]

(Leporello clasps his hands in alarm, as Juan walks boldly towards the Figure).

Don J. If thou canst be animate, and bend thy marble joints, descend, and visit me. Thou shalt have a noble welcome!

[*Music.*]

(The Statue bows—Juan starts—Leporello, who has not dared to turn his eyes, entreats his Master to depart—Juan rejects his advice, and taking off his glove, throws it daringly at the Figure, as he leaves the Cemetery—Leporello, spite of his terrors, takes a parting glance at the Statue, which again bows—Leporello roars, and rushes off).

SCENE III.

Piazza illuminated—Moonlight gleaming thro' the Arches—A magnificent Square seen beyond them.

Enter OCTAVIO, with LOPEZ, and two Attendants.

Oct. This to the Corregidor—to the Governor these. (*Giving Papers*).—Be vigilant, and bring me their reply. [*Exeunt Lopez, &c.*—“Delay shall not make punishment less certain; better that an act of even-handed justice should expose him to the world a terrible example, than that he should fall obscurely the victim of intemperate rage.”

Enter ELVIRA.

Elv. Where is he? Where is Octavio? Oh, cruel man! what hast thou done? Do not avoid, but answer me—Who are those dreadful men, that I now passed?

Oct. The ministers of justice.

Elv. And their purpose?

Oct. To bring a criminal to justice—Don Juan.

Elv. He is my husband! Octavio! he is my husband!

Leon. And can Elyira pity him?

“*Elv.* Oh! who would not pity him? Who would not feel compassion for a wretch, so lost as he is? stained with every crime, that human nature shudders but to think of; accursed by

man, renounced by heaven, no sins repented, lost to all comfort here, bereft of every hope hereafter—

“ *Leon.* What would you ask ?

“ *Elv.* Do not mistake;—I plead not for his life, but for his guilty soul—Oh, give him time for penitence—spare him but for that!

“ *Oct.* He has a heart that penitence can never touch.—The outraged laws of justice and humanity must be appeased,—Don Pedro’s death revenged.”

Elv. Vengeance is heaven’s, and should not be usurped by man.

Oct. Elvira, think what it is you ask ; reflect, how impossible for me to grant.

Elv. Oh Juan, Juan ! are all men’s hearts obdurate as thine own ! Ah ! how am I debased, how is Elvira sunk, when she would save the life, that has rendered her’s a curse?—But there is a way—yes, once again I’ll see him, see him for the last time—then, in a Convent’s gloom, bury my disgrace and shame for ever.

[*Exit.*

Oct. Poor Elvira ! how the strong passions of affection and disgust rend her distracted breast!

Enter MASETTO and ZERLINA.

Mas. Ah, this is fortunate ; ’tis Don Octavio!

Oct. Masetto!—Zerlina too!

Zer. Pray, pray, Sir, befriend us!

Oct. Most willingly ; but what has happened, that Elvira should so suddenly appear in Seville ? Could not her protection screen you from the arts of that abandon’d miscreant ?

Zer. Oh no! while Juan lives, there is no safety for the innocent, no refuge for Zerlina.

Mas. He respects no tie of kindred or affection; no law of earth or heaven—The peasant's cottage, and the regal palace, are alike indifferent, when his base passions prompt him to assail them. Not even our holy church, wherein he never trod, except for sanctuary, can stop his guilty course.

Oct. Come, then with me; the arms of my Leonora shall be henceforth Zerlina's safeguard—Octavio, Masetto's friend.

Zer. Oh, unexpected happiness!

Mas. Signor, our hearts must thank you—we are ill schooled in words.

[*Exit Masetto.*

Oct. I know your worth, and value it. Hasten to Leonora, and prepare her to receive us. Juan's career of wickedness is nearly closed, and ne'er again shall wound our friendship or affection.

DUET—*Zerlina and Octavio.*

Zerl. The purest flame this bosom warming,
My thrilling heart, with love shall glow,

Oct. And heav'nly truth each doubt disarming,
The sweetest balm of life bestow.

Both. Hail, sacred pow'r, indulgent prove!
We bow before thine altar, Love!

Zerl. For ever now our fates combining,
With blooming flow'rs thy shrine adorn,

Oct. And while the wreath of Hope we're twining,
Oh! grant the rose, but spare the thorn

Both. Vows so pure let none destroy,
We all earthly bliss enjoy.

SCENE THE LAST.

A magnificent Saloon, illuminated by Chandeliers; Tables superbly decorated for a Banquet, &c. &c.

Enter DON JUAN and LEPORELLO.

Don J. Well, Leporello, what think you of my preparations? Will they not honor the occasion?

Lep. Grand, very grand! but, somehow, I never was less inclined to see company. I have no affection for the guests you have invited.

Don J. Why, they are fair and courteous, the very paragons of womankind, culled from the choicest Dames in Spain.—You would not have me set Don Pedro down alone?

Lep. Ah! if you love me, do not talk of him! I'll never trouble your Worship with another request, if you'll be graciously pleased to dispense with my service this evening.

Don J. Sirrah, if you demur, I'll make you eat at the same table.

Lep. Thank you, all the same; but this is fast-day with me—I'm not hungry.

Don J. I'll have you sing to entertain him, too.

Lep. Sing! I'm hoarse; I caught cold in the church-yard—besides, I never sing in company, never!

Don J. I'll warrant you; but 'tis past the time—I fear me, he'll not come.

Lep. I hope with all my soul he's better engaged! yet, if a Statue can move its head, I see no reason upon earth, why it shouldn't move its legs.

Don J. Pho! 'twas a vile deception.—Oh! he'll not come, I warrant.—'Tis past twelve o'clock.

Lep. Past twelve! I'm alive again! we are safe!—your Ghosts never go abroad after midnight—morning air doesn't agree with them—
“ Shall I call up the music? (*eagerly*).

“ *Don J.* To what end?—you never sing in company?

“ *Lep.* My hoarseness is better.—Let me order supper.

“ *Don J.* Supper! why, this is your fast-day.

“ *Lep.* You forget—past twelve o'clock!—breakfast now.

“ *Don J.* But you are not hungry.

“ *Lep.* My voice and appetite are wonderfully recovered—so” have in the Music, admit the Ladies, serve up the Feast, call for what you will—I'm up to any thing.—Past twelve o'clock! Oh!

Don J. Why, you talk now like a *Bon-vivant!* a Bacchanalian! and you talk well, Leporello!

“ Whate'er the joys of temperate mortals be,
“ Women and wine, and minstrelsy for me.”

—Come, the music and the banquet, there!

(*The draperies that conceals the Band, at this instant are drawn up, and a burst of Music introduce the Company, who are all Ladies.—Leporello ushers them in, and Don Juan welcomes them joyously—they raise their Veils, one after the other, and Juan compliments each on her appearance, till he has noticed the whole group*).

—So!—my happiness is now complete, and not a wish remains.

Lep. One more—

Don J. What?

Lep. Woman.

Don J. Is she handsome?

Lep. Can't say—she's modest.

Don J. Ah! That's why you let her in.

Lep. Exactly.

(*Elvira has entered in a religious habit, and throws up her Veil as she advances*).

Don J. Elvira!

Elv. Do not be surprized, Don Juan, that you see me here at such an hour, and in such apparel—the motive that has brought me to thy presence, needs no excuse—admits of no delay. Listen, then, for the last time! Listen to that voice you never will hear more! I come not to upbraid you, Juan; I am no longer that Elvira, whose irritated mind breathed nothing but reproaches; 'tis perfect, pure affection, that impels me now to warn you of the precipice on which you stand.

Don J. How that dress becomes her! (*Apart to Leporello*).

Lep. He has a heart of stone (*Apart*).

[*Retires.*

Elv. Mark me! the same power that has purified my earthly passions, tells you, by me, that your offence has exhausted all its mercy.

Don J. Ha! ha! ha!

Elv. Avoid then, I implore you, while you may, the blow that threatens—leave this polluted spot—abandon these licentious scenes, and spare, oh, spare me the horror of knowing you condemned to punishment eternal.

Don J. Pshaw! I will not listen to't, Elvira. If it please you, stay, and partake my pleasures; if not, leave me.

Elv. Oh! do not speak thus! one moment longer, you are past hope; if my supplications and my prayers can move you to repentance,—fly, fly, from the dangers that encompass you! Oh, let me save you from yourself! save you from the wrath of heaven! E'en now, the fatal bolt is launched at thy devoted head—already I behold the dark abyss opening to swallow thee in fires, that burn, but never can consume!

Don J. Oh, absurd! I cannot, will not do it.

Elv. Lost! lost for ever! [Exit.

(*Don Juan retires to the Table*).

Don J. Some wine there! Leporello! wine, and the dance.

[*The Music strikes.*]

(*Don Juan and the Party sit at the Table—*
—*the Ladies seated round him, four Servants attending—During the Repast, a Dance by Females only—Leporello comes forward with a Plate, and stations himself near the front, enjoying the gaiety of the Scene and his Supper, till three tremendous knocks are heard without—His Plate, &c. instantly drops from his hand, and he stands paralyzed—The Dance has suddenly broke off, and each Performer appears rivetted to her place and position with astonishment*).

Don J. (*Carelessly*). Leporello! the door! see who knocks.

[*Music.*]

(*Leporello takes the light, and goes to the*

side at which Elvira went off. Don Juan attempts to quiet the alarm of his Companions).

Lep. (Returning). Ah! Oh! Oh!—He's come! he's come! he's come!

Don J. On horseback or on foot, that he makes this infernal clamour?

[*Knock repeated.*]

Lep. There again!

Don J. Don't be impatient—I'll soon be with you.

[*Music.*]

(*Juan comes from the Table, draws his Sword, and takes the light from the trembling hand of Leporello).*

Lep. Don't, don't,—tell him you are not at home!

[*Music.*]

(*Don Juan pushes Leporello scornfully aside, and goes to the entrance, almost instantly returning, followed by the Statue, which is surrounded by a ghastly blue glare—The Women and Leporello utter shrieks, and escape in all directions—the lights in the apartment are suddenly extinguished—Don Juan retreats, step by step, as the Figure advances, keeping his eye fearlessly upon it, until it halts).*

Don J. You take the privilege of old acquaintance—you are full half an hour beyond your time.—(*Points to the Table*)—Pray be seated.

[*Music.*]

(*The Statue assents, and seats itself at*

the Table. Juan fronts it, and offers Food, which is rejected—he then offers Wine, which is likewise refused).

Neither eat nor drink!—why then, here's to you!—may you live a thousand years!

(Drinks, and throws the Cup over his head).

[*Music.*]

The Statue rises—Juan likewise—the Figure points forward, as desiring him to follow, and retreats towards the entrance—pauses, turns, and holds forth its hand—Don Juan throws away his Sword, and daringly advances—at the instant his hand meets the grasp of the Statue, he shrinks back and groans).

“*Don J. Oh, horror! I freeze!—I freeze!—the life-blood curdles in my veins!—my heart has turn'd to ice—and weighs me to the earth.*”

(The Statue forces him back with the point of his Baton, and vanishes—Juan reels, and falls—Fiends arise from various parts, and on an immense rock of burning matter, with Serpents twining amidst a vivid red flame, which ascends in the centre).

CHORUS OF DEMONS.

SOLO—*Chief Spirit.*

Spirits of Hell, surround him!
Furies, with shrieks astound him!
Guilt and despair confound him!
Prepare his fiery doom!

Chorus.

Demons, triumphant yelling,
 Welcome the wicked home!
 Plunge him in Horror's dwelling,
 Where Hope can never come!

(*The instant the whole are assembled, they drag Juan from the ground by the hair—he rushes from side to side, pursued with scourges of fire; and is at length bound to the rock*).

“*Don J.* Oh! madness and horror—a thousand serpents tear my flesh—gulfs of eternal fire!—*Pedro!* *Elvira!*—too late! too late!—I burn! I sink!—Tortures! Hell! Despair!—Oh!”

(*The whole fabric of the Palace totters,—the Pillars which support the Saloon divide, and fall with a hideous crash; and as Juan descends in a blaze of red flame, the Spirit of Don Pedro is seen to ascend beyond the ruins, in a pale ethereal mist*).

THE END.





